

A black and white photograph of KRS-One performing on stage. He is wearing a dark t-shirt and has his right arm raised in a peace sign. He is holding a microphone in his left hand and appears to be singing or rapping. The background is a solid dark color with some geometric shapes.

KRS-ONE

THE MIX TAPE

KRS-One Lyrics

"Ova Here"

[Intro]

The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)

[Interlude]

Blaow Blaow!!! Blaow Blaow!!! Clear em out clear 'em out!!! Word!

[Verse 1]

Yo Nelly! You ain't Fo'Reel and you ain't Universal
Your whole style sounds like a N'Sync commercial
Ignoramus, I'm the baddest with the mic apparatus
Challengin the God of rap is madness, I'll snatch your status
With this ugly lookin billboard you could stop them
But I got enough albums to make my own top ten
You limited, like the spread of traffic
You bite my style off the radio so when you speak you bet I hear the static
You better Chillout like Chuck, I kick like three Norrises
One of my sixteen bar rhymes is eight of your choruses
Of course it is ridiculous
Watch out, I begin to curve indispuous
Gotcha! On your, hands and knees
Ain't it about time for some real emcees?

[Chorus]

The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)

[Verse 2]

(Uh!) Uh! We on the hunt tonight
When you see me comin, I don't front I fight
People say I'm contradictin, cause I'm all about peace
To say the least with a violent history
It ain't no mystery these rappers wanna get with me
My people don't see that all they hear is stop hittin me, huh
Stop beatin me Chris, you want to help my career Nelly?
Well you can help if you don't exist, huh
I think it's 'bout time we stop these pop rappers
Fuck these pop rappers, hip hop does matter to me
Does it matter to you? My crew
If it does, you know what the hell to do
Throw your guns in the air, pump it like yeah
Let these bitch ass rappers know we in here
Go to the shows huh, boo 'em off stage
Tell 'em KRS told you they at the end of they days

Let me tell you let's give hip hop a lift
And don't buy Nelly's album on June twenty fifth
That'll send a message to all them sellouts
House nigga rapper, your bottom done fell out
You don't even know how
I told you I wasn't talkin about you then, but I'm talkin about you now!
Blaow! one to the kness, blaow one goes right through
Even St. Louis don't like you!!!!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Things Is About To Change"

Word.. we stand out, word
We don't wanna sound like that bullshit

Let 'em all be aware, not at all will I care
You gotta know it's about the flow when you comin in here
Not how long is your hair, but how long were you here
How many dues you paid, crews you slayed, yeah
How many clubs you done rocked, f'real
You ever rocked outside with cats poppin they steel?
You fake like Ma-Ma-Ma-Max Headroom
You go from the bedroom to the studio back to the bedroom
We be on the front line, pavin the way
for you to do what you do, get what you get, say what you say
Flip what you flip, play what you play at the Grammy's
But you don't represent our family, you a thief!

All up and down the East coast
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE
All up and down the West coast, down in the South
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE
All up top and in North Canada, make some noise
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE
All my cats in London, Birmingham, Brixton, word!
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE

Join the campaign to rearrange the rap game
Don't look at me like I'm insane, the facts remain plain
You to blame, when you take it in vein
The gains and struggles and pains of those that already came
From the beginning we tried to attain, the money and fame
That's not new to the game, it's still the same
But what seems to change is the loyalty
Rappers degrade hip-hop for a royalty
It's all about me and my click and we ballin G
But we fallin, stallin our callin to be free
You can't see, they're gonna judge our poetry
in two-thousand and twenty-three, where will your money be?
Where will your Benz be? Your friends be?
Your beginnin be? Your end be? Gently
You tell me to my face my style you envy
But behind my back you condemn me, you a thief!

All out in Germany, Africa
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE
Word up, hip-hop, join the nation, movin!
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE
Word up, all them fake-ass whack rappers, word up!
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE

Tell 'em, go to they shows and let 'em know it's like this
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE

For sure, it's the people that defend me
Yeah you on MTV, but did you know Ted Demme?
What about Fab 5 Freddy, Red Alert?
You not ready.. ready.. ready.. *[fades]*

[ends with sound of glass shattering]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Splash"

Word up! It's just a little somethin to tide you over, word up
The "KRStyle" album comin soon, KRS-One all in the room
We gonna bounce these cats this year, word up
Why they do this? Ha - yo, yo

I climb up the back of rappers
Reach over they head, and rap backwards at 'em
Excuse me madam, I used to throw these uzis at 'em
But I'm a teacher, skills I truly have 'em
These clubs I duly pack 'em
Potential lawyers engineers and doctors, I do attract 'em
Go to your professors and ask 'em
if the songs of the "Edutainment" in college they didn't blast 'em
Yes - I'm that ancient one
I set the framework for today's rappers to make they funds
But no you don't know me son
My facial features matches the Sphinx with it's nose redone
You know how many clubs we done rocked?
You know how many guns we done popped?
You know how many funds we done dropped?
You know how many ones we done got?
We been gettin live since the days of Chubb Rock
We know how to survive; these other cats
be in at nine o'clock then be out at five, uhh
We doin the overtime, on stage I over-rhyme
Makin these whack rappers tow the line
Steppin to me, I know you blind; cause your whole flow
your show, your style, you know it's all mine!
The first time you learned to spit
It was either me, Kane, Rakim or Slick Rick!
[water splashes]

Welcome to the "KRStyle"
This year I had to switch styles and bust off two miss-iles
And that's not all, rappers have the gall
To pray and pray for my downfall - but still in all
I have X amount of lyrics to get 'em all
Live at the club I spit 'em all
Rappers backstage lookin sad and piti-fal
Cause they know I'm the pinna-cle and they mini-mal
I spit the metaphysical, the spiritual
The oracle, the lyrical, the oratorical
Rookie! I'll mop the floor witcho'
I'm the lyrical foundation to all your flows
All your clothes, all your shows and I'm not alone
You wouldn't even know how to hold the mic or the phone
You couldn't even bite on the bone
While we was rockin mics out in Rome

Now you hyped cause you grown?
You know we internationally known, the people love it
But what they learnin bout is on the whole, look above it
But let us get back to what we call hip-hop
Before you whack rappers went pop
[water splashes]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Down The Charts"

You cats still worried about chart position
It's the heart that your missin
It's the art that your missin
Just a little something to hold yall over
The Kristal album on the way, word up

When you're number one, everybody come
But when you drop to two everybody still with you
But when you drop to three everybody want to see
But when you drop to four everybody still endures
But when you drop to five people will help you strive
When you drop to six you still in every mix
But when you drop to seven people start guessin
When you drop to eight people hesitate
But when you drop to nine that's when you start to find
That when you drop to ten you start to lose your friends
When you drop to eleven your record stop sellin
When you drop to twelve it's everyone for themselves
So when you drop to thirteen you stop working
When you drop to fourteen no more self esteem
You drop to fifteen cuz you lived and you seen
When you drop to sixteen you now out the scene
When you drop to seventeen you see things you never seen
Like when you drop to eighteen you know what it mean
So drop to nineteen and on then to twenty
At nineteen you lose your honey
At twenty your money to a Playboy bunny
At twenty one things ain't funny
At twenty two you don't know what to do
So you hit twenty three you look for security
So you drop to twenty four no more can you endure
When you drop to twenty five at the bottom you've arrived
When you drop to twenty six you in a old school mix
When you drop to twenty seven until you start steppin
When you drop to twenty eight you start to meditate
When you drop to twenty nine you expand your mind
When you drop to thirty you see it was all dirty
No you drop to thirty two and it occurs to you
When you hit thirty three now you can see
That it's all about skill and a love for the art
Not whose above or whose below in the chart
You got to look in your heart
It's there where you start
I and hip hop are never ever ever apart
WORD!!

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Message 2002"

(feat. Shuman)

Uh-ha! Uh-ha!
Another Inebriated beat
You know what time it is, straight for the street
KRS-One, hold tight! Look, look

[Chorus 1: KRS-One]

Crack - don't mess with that
Speed - don't mess with that
It's whack - don't mess with that
Greed - don't mess with that
Knowledge - yeah, mess with that
God - yeah, mess with that
College - yeah, mess with that
A job - yeah, mess with that
Look look; dealing - don't mess with that
Crying - don't mess with that
Stealing - don't mess with that
Lying - don't mess with that
Meditation - mess with that
Forgiveness - mess with that
Education - mess with that
Hip-Hop - we lovin that

[Verse 1: KRS-One]

I rhyme for respect y'all, intellect y'all
Not sex y'all, move that neck y'all, correct y'all
Checks y'all, cash y'all, don't last y'all
With cops y'all to blast y'all, harass y'all
Flash y'all as they pass y'all, through the glass y'all
These videos gas y'all cause they trash y'all
I ask y'all this fact y'all
Unaired y'all, these cops y'all they scared y'all
They fear y'all they hear y'all they hate y'all
Less than 40,000 a week, they make y'all
Cops y'all with black feet, livin from week to week
Walk crooked beats in the streets y'all
They greet y'all with the heat y'all, to defeat y'all
It's deep y'all, hear what I teach y'all, and speak y'all

[Chorus 2: KRS-One]

Hate - don't mess with that
Trends - don't mess with that
[?] - don't mess with that
Revenge - don't mess with that
Truth - yeah, mess with that
Skills - yeah, mess with that
Proof - yeah, mess with that

Build - yeah, mess with that
Wars - don't look for that
Freaking - don't look for that
Whores - don't mess with that
Cheating - don't mess with that
G.E.D. - mess with that
Science of mind - mess with that
Family - mess with that
Hip-Hop - we lovin that

[Verse 2: Shuman]

Yeah, yo.. aiyyo, yo
Who seein us, with an overdose level of free in us
They bring the heat to us
They don't really want the beat in us
Take heed to us
While they plottin and schemin to be deletin us
Best believe in us, they not defeatin us
Them glocks wanna bust
With twenty-one shots to put the leak in us
So they can bloody the street with us
What does it mean to us
You know what they need from us
Give cream to us, hide the lies and deceit from us
That doesn't equal us
Who's ready to get in the Jeep with us
Form a fleet with us and take back the street with us
Meet with us, drop bombs in the street with us
Never saw it comin, attack on the sneak with us
Thus, they can't compete with us
We flow through your veins like DJ's
When they cut, you'll be bleedin us
I came with Kris to heat it up
Showin my body's the temple, hip-hop is the lock
Now put the key in us

[Chorus 1]

[Verse 3: KRS-One]

Truth y'all, facts y'all, proof y'all, black y'all
Time to check this map y'all, are we goin back y'all?
Let's make a pact y'all, come together watch your back y'all
Stay in tact y'all, never whack - gimme dap y'all
Comin at y'all, headcrack y'all with the facts y'all
Police y'all, on the attack y'all if ya black y'all
So if this is fact y'all, when we rap y'all
over the track y'all, why we rap about crack y'all?
That's whack y'all, we trapped y'all
Holdin the gat y'all just to kill another black y'all
Clak clak clak y'all, it's like that y'all
KRS-One yo, let's take it back y'all, listen!

[Chorus 2]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Problemz"

Yeah man, yo Marla what's up
Yeah, Inebriated Beats, big up Boston, the whole Boston
Edo.G what's up man? I got you
We gon' bounce this now, can I start? Can I start?
Here we go

I'm the newest and the truest MC on the mic
I wrote over 500 songs, pick what you like
It ain't easy bein me, by day or night
But it's easy bein free to recite what you like
Hip-Hop is my inalienable right
When it comes to emceein KRS is a whole different type
Now go get it right, did I flow spit it tight
In a fight I was the type to go get a pipe
BINK! BINK! BINK! BINK! Movin 'em back
BINK! That's the sound of an aluminum bat
But it seems they new to these facts
Which means they new to the tracks
Which means they do hold us back
Too new to know all that but still runnin they trap
Do the math, radio gets a 20 record a week stream
But only three are ever seen
What happens to the other 17?
It's a PROBLEM.. PROBLEM..
PROBLEM IN HIP-HOP TODAY!
We gotta solve it

Too many players and not enough crime
When they finally wake up they woulda ran out of time
They can't see today how they effect tomorrow
Too afraid to follow, cause they trust is hollow
Because according to the laws they'll harp some sorrow
Yo, "Victory Over the Streets" - that's our motto
But if people ain't got no vision, that's a PROBLEM..
PROBLEM IN HIP-HOP TODAY!
We gotta solve it

People say, "Kris - why you teach so much?
Why you preach so much? Why you speak and such?
Why you so bent on reachin each of us?"
I reply - because you eatin with us
In the future our children will be meetin with us
Have a seat then with us and start speakin with us
They'll be critiquin us to be sure they believe in us
We don't need a PROBLEM..
PROBLEM IN HIP-HOP TODAY!
We gotta fix it

We live non-toxic, we teach that hip-hop is
the transformation of all subjects and objects
Retrain your optics, to reinterpret the topics
We gotta stop treatin hip-hop like a product
and more of a strategy; I got graphs, charts
sacred textbooks, these cats can't battle me
But they try, and why? Cause that's a PROBLEM..

PROBLEM IN HIP-HOP TODAY!

We gotta fix that

These cats need history to get with me
But hip-hop's history's a mystery
So how they gonna find out, trial and error
We can make one the example for all to get better

Inform, KRS is not the norm

I go from hot to warm to cold to hot

But hip-hop's history many forgot

And that's a PROBLEM..

PROBLEM IN HIP-HOP TODAY!

We gotta solve that

[interlude beat]

PROBLEM.. PROBLEM IN HIP-HOP TODAY!

We gotta fix that

KRS-One Lyrics

"Ova Here (Remix)"

[KRS-One: speaking live]

First of all, I don't know WHO, y'all saw on this stage before me (aight)
I don't know WHO, y'all gonna see on this stage after me (true)
But THIS, is REAL.. HIP.. HOP! Worrrrrd UP!
I'm gonna find out tonight, where the real hip-hop

[Intro: live response]

The real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)
The real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)
The real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)
Real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)

[Interlude]

Bla-blaow! Bla-blaow!
Clear 'em out, clear 'em out - word!
[scratching:] "Aww yeah!", "The real hip-hop, is ova here"
[scratching:] "KRS, come get up in they asses"

[Verse 1]

You ain't Fo'Reel and you ain't Universal
Your whole style sounds like a infomercial
You ignoramus, I'm the baddest with the mic apparatus
Challengin the God of rap is madness, I'll snatch your status
With these elders lookin at Billboard you could stop them
But I got enough albums to make my OWN top ten!
You limited, like the spread of traffic
You bite my style off the radio
so when you speak in fact I hear the static
You better Chillout like Chuck, I kick like three Norrises
One of my sixteen bar rhymes is eight of your choruses
Of course it is, ridiculous
Watch out, I be in the club inconspicuous
Gotcha, on your, hands and knees
Ain't it about time for some real MC's?

[Chorus: live response]

The real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)
The real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)
Real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)
Real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)

[KRS-One]

Yo yo, Beatminerz, turn up the track a little bit
Gonna do this right now

[Verse 2]

Remix it, don't re-fix it
First brigade, second brigade - all swords lifted

Formation, classified information
Code red rhyme style accurate articulation
Don't test my foreign relation
The cats in Brixton, Birmingham and London just waitin
Got my cats in France like ill
Even Africa's laughin at'cha right along with Brazil
The West Indies? Jus' wan fi kill
Got Canada mad at'cha, Germany heard of me, they seen the skill
Hip-Hop is more than a thrill to us
A dollar bill to us, believe you will trust in that
Cause if you bust at me, on TV, CD
Internet trust that, I WILL BUST BACK
I turn down heat real quick, when I spit
you need the medicine what I speak is so sick
Then again these veteran be better than many men
Forever we hit 'em again better than ANY trend they could ever say
In any season, hot warm cold or freezin
When it comes to MCin, we believe in rhymin for a different reason
No frontin, my rhyme style tells you somethin
They rhyme style tells you who they freakin
But you was already told - what does it profit a man
to gain the whole world and lose his soul?

KRS-One Lyrics

"Preserve The Kulture"

[audience clapping, beat starts]

We've been having these gatherings for over 12 years
Uhh, my first one, was ah at Latin Quarters in 1987
with Afrika Bambaataa - he threw the first one, that I attended
We kept the tradition going through the Stop the Violence Movement
Through Human Education Against Lies, Rhythm Cultural Institute
And now the Temple of Hip-Hop
This is Hip-Hop's spiritual base
And as a spiritual base, we look to guide the youth in that discipline
Uhh, no culture is a culture, unless it has principles
unless it has morals, unless - we are unified
in some sort of principle, something we are not going to step beyond
Something that defines us
What I'd like to do, is just for a moment as we.. deal with this
Think about your role in Hip-Hop
Think about what you do everyday in Hip-Hop
This is not about right now
It's about twenty years from now
It's about ten years from now
The tapes are rolling, the notes are being taken
This is the type of thinking we have to get into
if this is going to survive and last
So again, Hip-Hop Appreciation Week, is a time of self-reflection
A time for Hip-Hoppers to ask,
"What am I doing, to preserve the culture?" *[echoes]*